

MARVEL
16th Feb 91

THE REAL

№140 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

OH,
CRIKEY!



WILL PETER
MARRY HIS
VALENTINE?

ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

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By jingo, it's the **St. Valentine's Day** edition of the spookiest comic this side of the spirit world. But without further ado, Captain Rik has a few words to say.

"Greetings Earthlings! **Captain Rik** here from the planet **Ricon**. I have an urgent message for all **Real Ghostbusters** Readers. Look out for the next issue of The Real Ghostbusters as there is a **FREE** Space Mask from **Kellogg's Ricicles**.

Meanwhile in every special pack of Ricicles there will be one of six glitter stickers for you to collect. They feature **Captain More**, the spaceship, Ricon and three of me. They look great on satchels, pencil cases or note books, so look out for the special packs of Kellogg's Ricicles now! Beaming out – Captain Rik"

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ

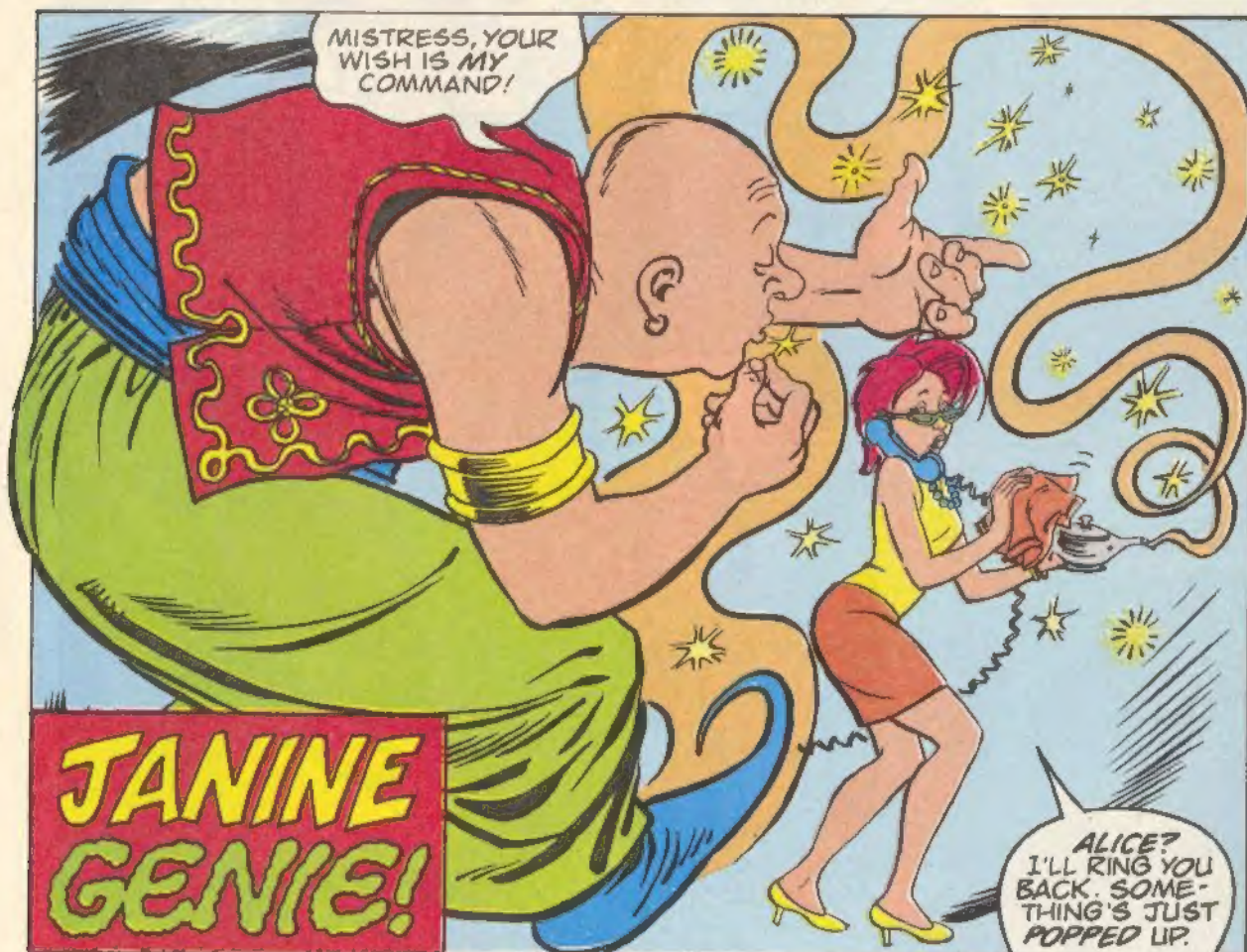


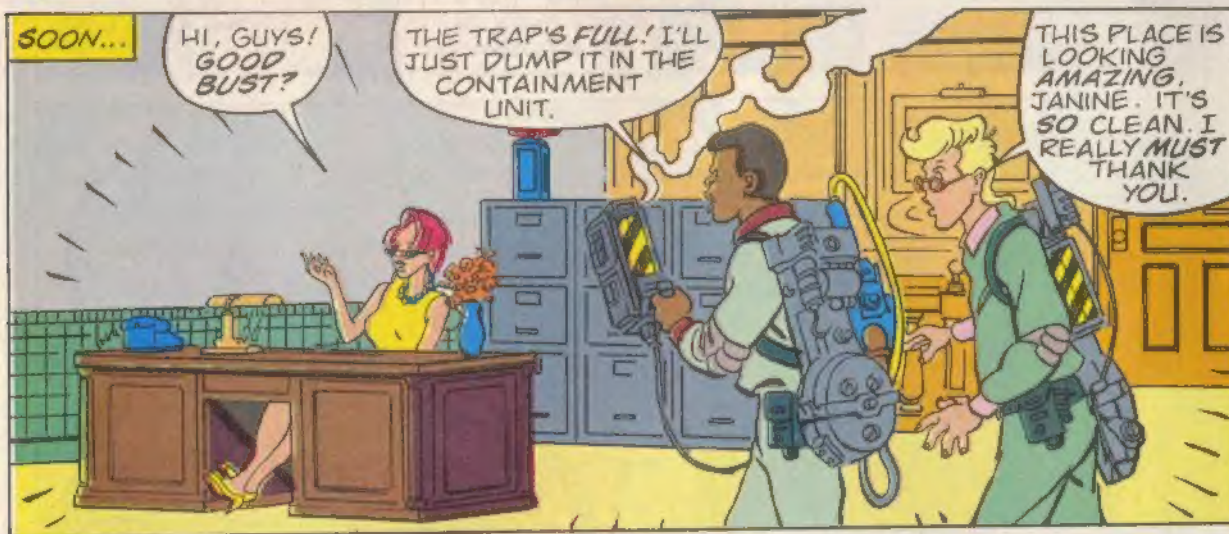
WINSTON ZEDDMORE

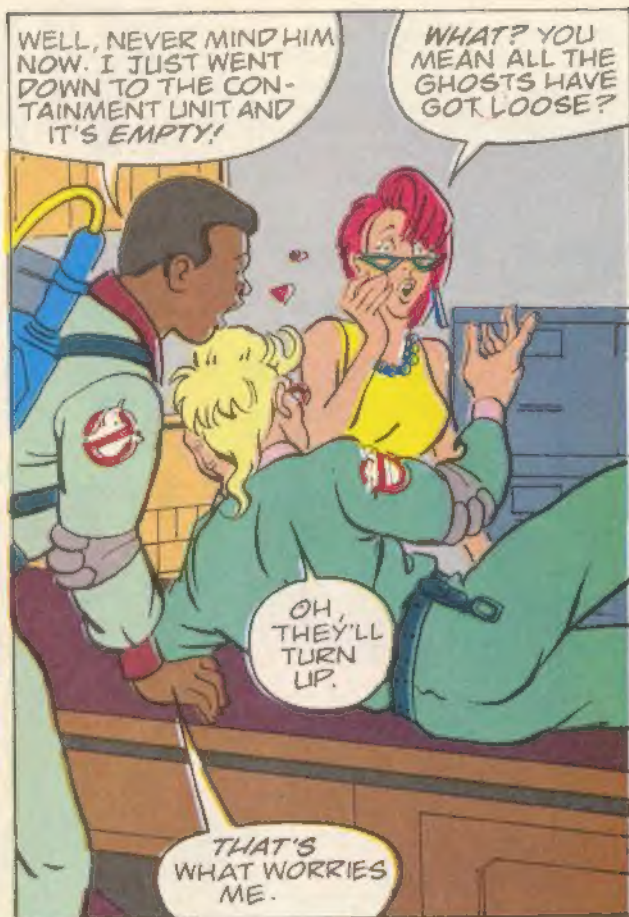
Look out for the **FREE** Captain Rik Space Mask in next week's issue of The Real Ghostbusters.



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YOUR THIRD WISH WAS FOR THE GHOSTBUSTERS TO BECOME REALLY SUCCESSFUL SO THEY COULD PAY YOU MORE. I LET THE GHOSTS OUT SO THEY'D GET PLENTY OF WORK IN THE FUTURE.

LOTS OF WORK MEANS LOTS OF MONEY. I GRANTED YOUR WISH, YOU SEE.



THAT'S A LOUSY TRICK! YOU UNWISH THAT THIS INSTANT, D'YOU HEAR ME?



NO CAN DO. MY CONTRACT STATES 'THREE WISHES ONLY' QUITE CLEARLY. HAVE A NICE LIFE.



EGON! IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?



EGON'S GONE BYE-BYE, WINSTON, WHAT DO YOU THINK?





DARE YOU ENTER THE

HAUNTED HOUSE?



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**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR
ON SALE NOW WITH FREE DOUBLE LOLLY!**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

When Walton Walnuts of Neppchester found a battered brass lamp in the glovebox of his Fiat Tippo, he little suspected that it would have an irrevocable effect on the course of his life.

Walton's first act was to get a cloth and try to buff up the lamp in an attempt to fathom its possible worth or origin, an act that he would surely have thought twice about if he had at the time been made aware of one crucial fact. That crucial fact was that the lamp was an amuletic container for a Class four Specific Manifest, or Genie as they are popularly called. The Genie was talismanically designed to appear whenever the container received *thalaktaly* (an Erudlian word most easily translated as 'buffing up'). The Genie, called Emukz, manifested in a particularly vigorous rush of ecto-vapour which a) surprised Walton and b) blew the doors off his car. Walton tried to ward off the creature with his singed chamois leather, an act that is pretty difficult when you're sharing a small car with a nine hundred pound, bald, green grinning spectre with earrings and a tasselled waistcoat. But I digress. The point is that this is one of the few recorded instances in modern times



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of a genuine genie manifestation. In ancient times, Genies were almost commonplace. In certain parts of Arabia, it was illegal to ever polish any household objects for fear of summoning up yet another troublesome sprite.

The basic problem was twofold. First of all, if all the Genies granted all the wishes of all the people who did a bit of *thalaktaly* on their lamps, the world would pretty soon run out of kingdoms to rule, fortunes to own and eligible princesses (or princes) to marry. During the Great Genie Glut of 673BC (see Tobin for details), Erudlia alone was divided into nine thousand and fifteen separate 'kingdoms', a fortune was officially re-classified as

having a bit of loose change in your robes and you could qualify as a Princess if you were reasonably well-turned out and could use the royal 'we' in casual conversation.

As a result, King Ptuie of Erudlia issued a decree banning the use of genie related amulets and imposing strict punishment for anyone found using a genie to set himself up as a king, despot or similar potentate. All the lamps, jugs and bottles in the kingdom were rounded up and locked in a big room in the palace dungeons in order to stop the nonsense once and for all. All in all, a practical if not one hundred percent successful solution.

Of course, not all the lamps were safely incarcerated out of harm's way, and through history there have been stories of genies popping up here and there granting three wishes to somebody whose word is their command. Walton's experience could be a resurgence of this phenomena, and if the lamps and pots of Erudlia are in circulation again, it could mean we're facing another Great Genie Glut.

I just worry that if that happens, we'll very quickly run out of Porsches, kidney-shaped swimming pools, American Excuse Gold Cards and girls called Kylie.



Story JOHN FREEMAN © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters are used to Peter falling in love – but getting married? Now that's scary. . .

"Egon, have you seen Peter?" asked Ray, rubbing his hands on a cloth as he rolled out from underneath ECTO-1. As Egon walked down the stairs of The Real Ghostbusters' HQ, his head deep in *A Book of Twenty-Three Lesser Demons* by Korduang Sreggle, the fair-headed scientist shook his head.

"Not since Janine sent him on that bust in Bakersfield," Egon mumbled. He was far more interested in the wing span of Korduang the Spreggled Demon than Peter's whereabouts. "I'm sure he'll be back soon."

"Hmm," said Ray, opening ECTO-1's bonnet. "I just hope he gets here soon – I need him to check over ECTO-3 before Tuesday." "Well, Winston will be back soon," Janine cut in, slamming down the 'phone on her desk. "He can help if Peter doesn't show up. Which he probably won't, if the last few days have been anything to go by."

"Peteree in loveedovey yick-yuck mood," Slimer explained helpfully to a bemused Ray. The ghost spun round, gagged and then grinned. "Been like it for weekees now. Toldmee Egon and he ignoree me. No timee for pals when girlee 'round."

"Hey, I'm all for a devoted boyfriend," snapped Janine. "Some people around here wouldn't notice a woman if she fell on them from twenty storeys up!" At this, Janine stared meaningfully at Egon, who had just got to the part in his book where Triggles the Septic has entranced the hero, Abnett the Templar, into eating three slabs of pig's liver and a packet of curried peanuts. "Fascinating," muttered Egon, totally ignoring the world around him.

Ray scratched his head and then turned as Winston wandered through the doors of HQ, a smoking Ghost Trap in one hand and a huge bundle of post in the other. "Morning," he smiled, holding up the Ghost Trap. "Class three Poltergeist in a Pet Shop. Stirred the goldfish up a bit but I

took him out with no problem." He handed Janine the post. "Anyone seen Peter?" Just then the 'phone rang and Janine grabbed it. "The Real Ghostbusters, Spooks a cinch, Poltergeists no problem, Demons dealt with. Happy Valentine's Day, Sir or Madam, how may I help you? Peter? Where Are You?"

The other Ghostbusters leaned forwards as Janine's jaw dropped open and she snapped the pencil she was holding in her hand in two. "Uh-huh," she said, quickly followed by "I've got all that, are you sure you're all right," then "well, it just doesn't seem like the sort of thing you'd do, Peter," and "are you sure you don't want me to call you a doctor?" Then she put the 'phone down.

"Boys," she began carefully, "We're in big trouble. Well, Peter is, anyway."

"Is he in love?" asked Winston. Janine nodded.

"Is it seriously in love?" asked Ray. Janine nodded.

"Well, I'm sure Peter isn't going to do anything serious about it, like get married or anything," mumbled Egon, who had now reached the story of Sorgorat and the Demon, Tate. Janine looked carefully at Ray and Winston then glared at Egon. "That's exactly what he's going to do," she snapped. "He wants us at St. Cubert's Church in Bakersfield by three o'clock this afternoon."

The Real Ghostbusters looked at each other. Slimer pointed at ECTO-1. "Rescueee buddeeee!" he wailed. With that, they were off!

It was two-fifty-five in the afternoon when ECTO-1 squealed up to the doors of St Cubert's Church, much to Peter's delight. Janine was stunned – there was Peter, dressed to the nines, obviously ready to get married. Organ music drifted through the open doors of the church as the Ghostbusters leapt from their car. "Guys, guys and Janine!" said Peter. "You're not

really dressed for the happy occasion, are you?"

"Erm, well, we weren't really sure what to make of your message," mumbled Egon, reaching for his Proton Gun.

"It seemed a bit suspicious," said Ray, "Like you were in a trap or something. I mean, you're not really getting married." "Are you?" gasped Winston.

Peter grinned. "You have to see the girl, guys. She's the most beautiful, most caring, most unforgettable person I've ever met in my life. It was love at first sight."

"Ickeee Yick!" glowered Slimer.

"Come and meet her," said Peter, grabbing Egon by the arm. "You'll soon see what I mean."

"You mean she's already here," snapped Janine, "On time? Not caught in traffic? Don't you think that's just a little unusual, Peter?"

"That's just the sort of wonderful human being Patricia is," explained Peter.

"Patricia!" Winston exclaimed.

"There is something definitely wrong here," added Ray, pulling his own Proton Gun from the back of ECTO-1. Then The Real Ghostbusters went inside the church, which was dark and gloomy. Near the front, at the end of the nave, a figure in white stood facing the candle-lit altar. "There she is," said Peter. He handed Egon a ring. "You're my best man," he whispered. "Do me proud." With that he ran up the aisle and gazed lovingly at Patricia, who didn't turn away from the altar. "Slimerree be sickee soon," said Slimer. "This not Peteree at all. Funny smell here, too."

"PKE readings are off the scale," muttered Egon. At this, Patricia suddenly turned on the Ghostbusters as they strode up the aisle. Winston gasped, "Nowonder! Take a look!" Patricia could definitely not be described as beautiful. A hideous monster, crammed into the white wedding dress, glowered at the Ghostbusters as they raised their Proton Guns. "Blast me

and Peter will never ever forgive you," the monster rasped, cracking its finger joints in Egon's direction.

"She's right," said Egon, "The psychological trauma of us busting what appears to Peter to be the exact person he's looking for in his life would be disastrous to his mental make-up."

"He'd go mad, you mean?" queried Winston.

"So the poor sap's brainwashed," said Janine. "Well, I'm sure I can snap him out of his delusion!" With that, she pushed past the Ghostbusters and shouted at Patricia. "Hey, gorgeous! Have you ever seen Peter's socks?"

"Certainly not," snapped Patricia. "I'm not that sort of girl."

"They're pretty disgusting," Janine said. "He'd expect you to clean and darn them, you know. Then there's all the washing-up he'd leave for you, if you became his wife. And the ironing and cooking, and cleaning and scrubbing . . ."

"He would help," snarled Patricia. Peter looked at Patricia with a look of alarm on his face. "I would?" he said. It was the first time he had a doubt about what was happening and it was enough to break the spell Patricia had over him. "Nooooo!" she screamed, trying to grab him. "Aaaaaaargh!" screamed Peter, leaping away.

"Now!" shouted Ray, blasting the monster. Patricia gave one final squeal of annoyance, then she was in the Ghost Trap. "What happened," said Peter as the church suddenly vanished around them. "Last thing I remember, I was about to bust this monster, it looked at me and now you're here . . ."

"Entranced," said Egon. "We got here just in time."

"Just like you though," said Winston to Peter. "Okay, so Patricia isn't exactly beautiful and I really don't think she'd be that caring but Peter, for a monster, she was DEFINITELY unforgettable!"

HARLEM GLOBTROTTERS

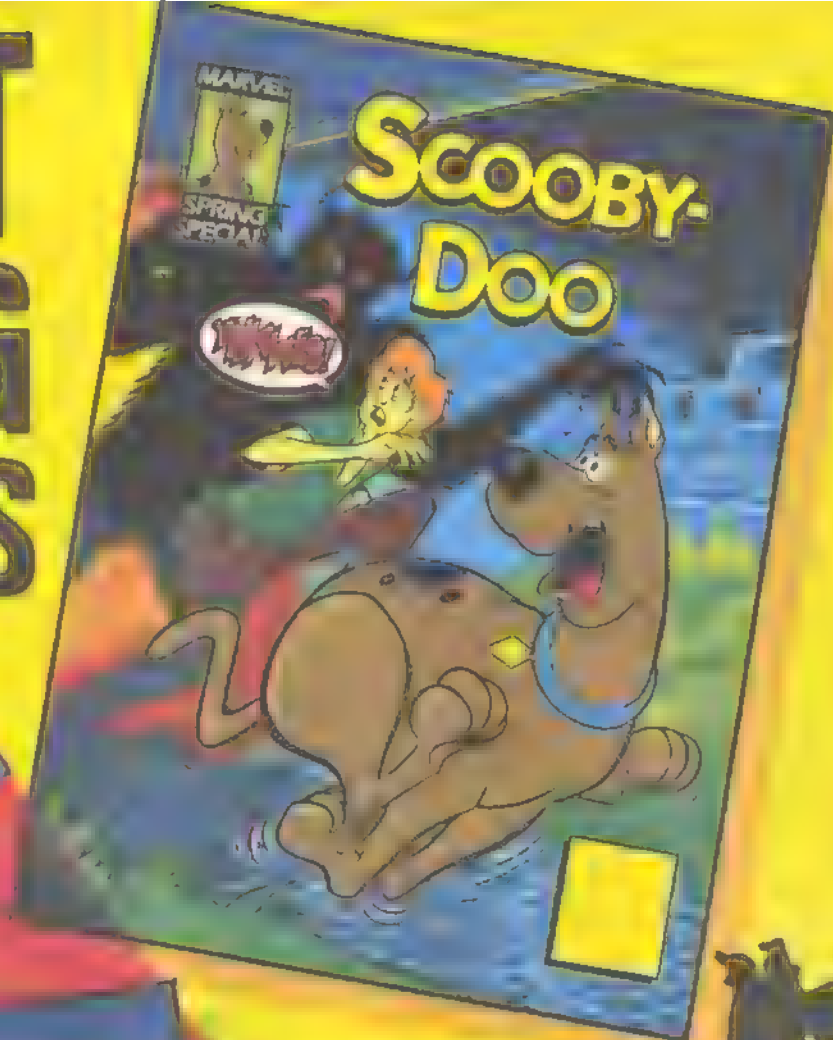
When The Real Ghostbusters were summoned to the Laker's stadium they were expecting a basket-case job. Apparently whenever the score reached 13, these strange blob-like creatures appeared wreaking havoc and severely disrupting the game. Back at HQ our pals were all out of ideas. Even Egon seemed defeated and retired to watch a relaxing 24 hours of basketball videos.

He finally emerged heavily laden with some knock-'em-dead sports gear and, suitably clad, the famous four stormed over to the stadium

for the biggest ball game of their lives. Unfortunately it would have been a good idea if it was their last. Staying vertical would have been a definite advantage and the boys were completely crushed by the sporty spooks. It seemed that Egon was planning on this and had set Traps accordingly. With the ghosts gone Slimer took it upon himself to wrap the game up and swallowed the ball. That really takes the basket.



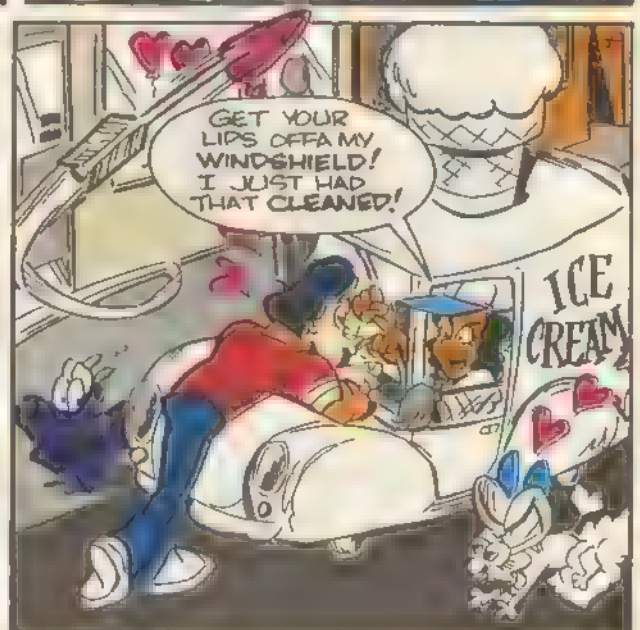
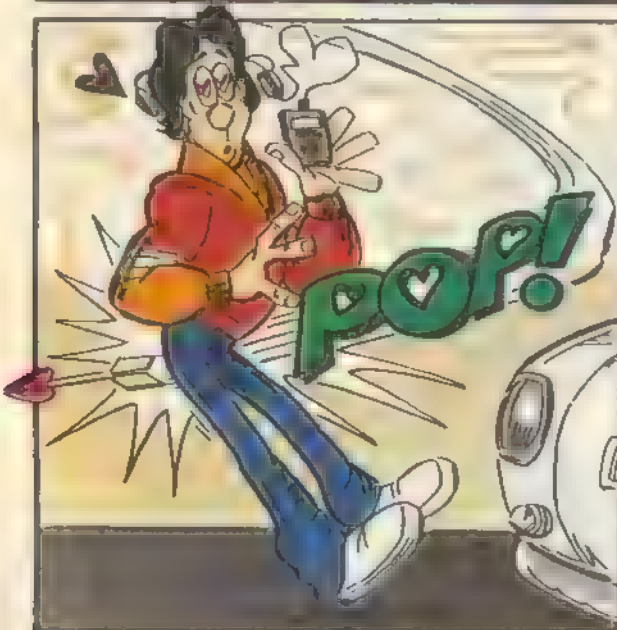
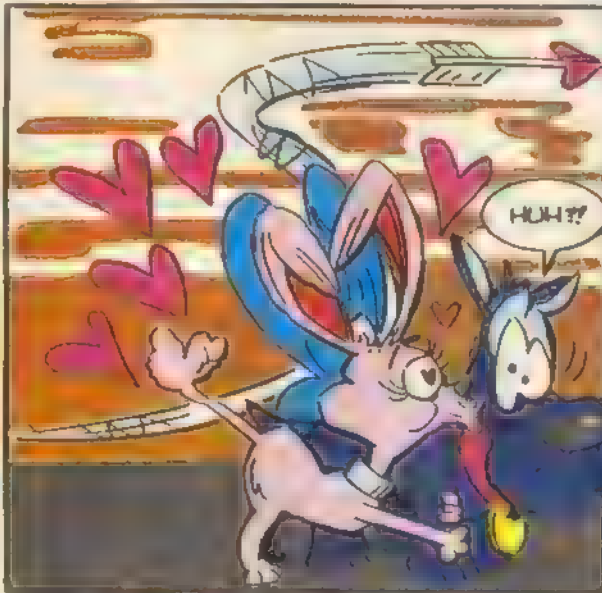
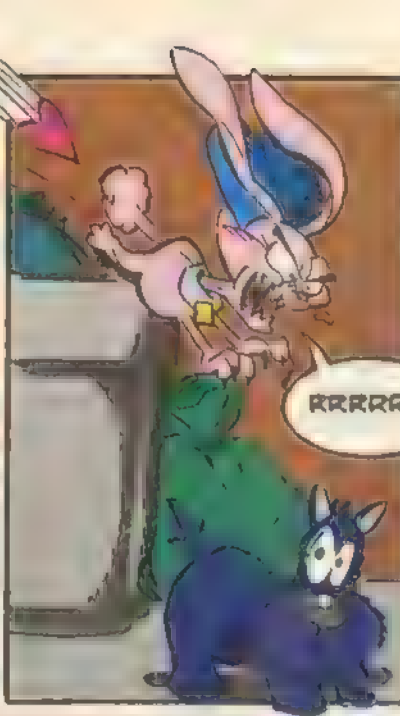
GREAT SPRING SPECIALS

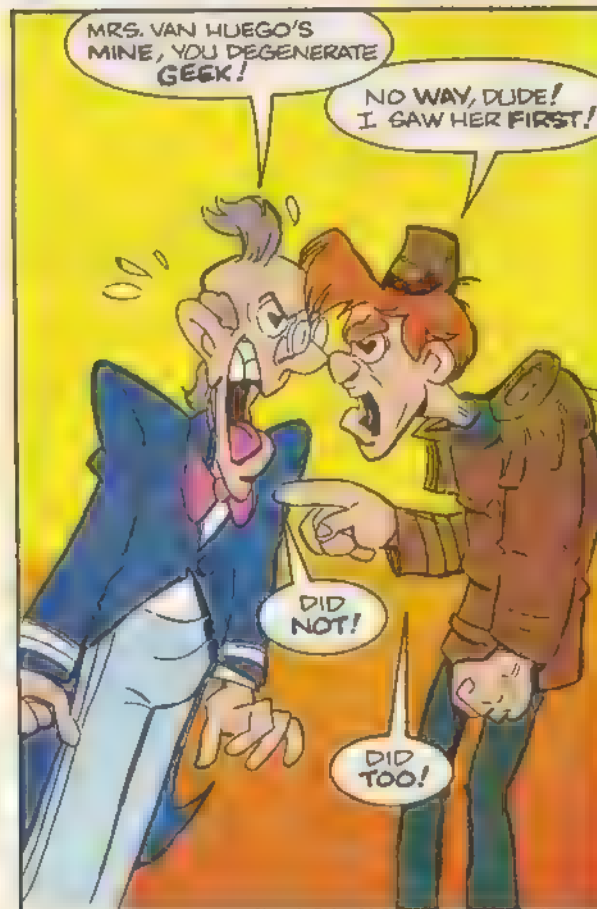
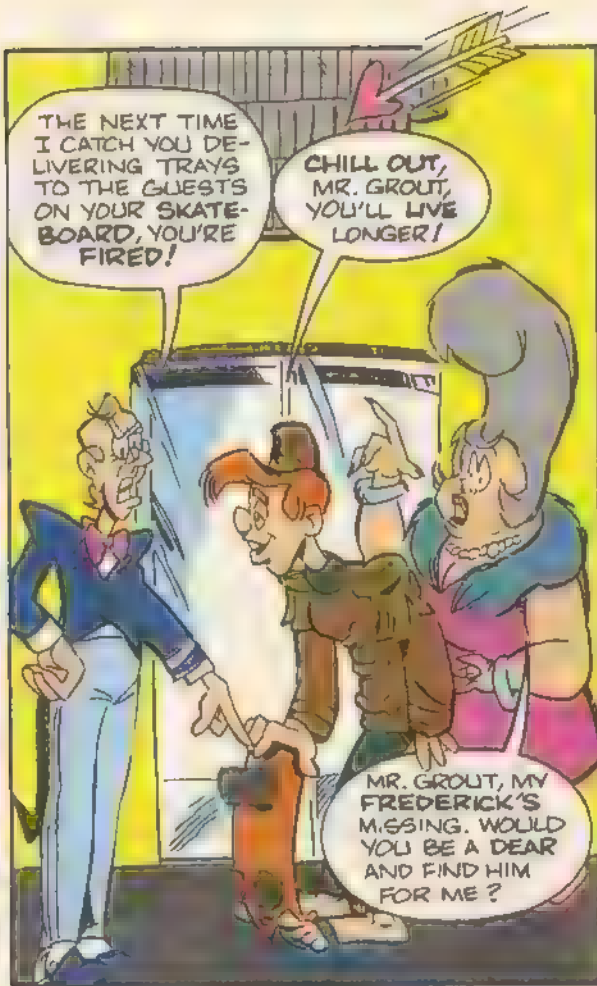


OUT NOW
FROM
MARVEL









MEANWHILE, IN THE KITCHEN OF
ZE RITZ CAFE...





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x

- is the first time.
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- 
- A cartoon illustration of a long, orange, segmented worm-like creature with a human-like face, running quickly. It has a surprised or excited expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. The creature is shown in profile, moving from left to right. It has a long, segmented body with a lighter orange belly. Its legs are short and stubby, and its arms are also short. The background is a plain, light color.

-



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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TEACHER: "Now, Herbert, you must learn to give and take."
HERBERT: "But I did give and take. I gave him a black eye and took his apple."
— Colin Hales.

What zips down the washing line at 50mph?
Hondapants.
— Richard McDonnell, Portrush.

What's an English monster's favourite meal?
Kate and Sidney pie.
— Stephen Lloyd, Notts.

Why was the biscuit crying?
Because his mummy had been a wafer too long.
— Adrian Ramsay, Norwich.

PATIENT: "Doctor, doctor, I have only 59 seconds to live."
DOCTOR: "Wait a minute, lad."
— Alastair McKellar, Bo'ness.

Why did the robber take a bath?
Because he wanted to make a clean getaway.
— Alastair McKellar, Bo'ness.



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SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



